

cline of forty-five degrees. That declin

is three hundred yards from top to bottom. The bottom is merely the top of a ledge, which has a sheer fall of twenty feet. At the bottom

lower edge of that another perpendicular ledge, fifteen feet from top to bottom. The west branch of the Dyberry creek runs along the base of the ledge. If I have made the topography of that rather rolling country plain to you, you will

course I have laid out, would get enough pleasure in one ride to last him until the opening of the season of 1888. As my friend and I were talking over old matters, near the top of the big hill, at a spot which commanded a bird's-eye view of the whole course I have just surveyed, with the exception of the bases of the two ledges, Bill Morgan, a teamster from Shieldsboro, appeared on the top of the hill.

"Them mules," said my friend, "hain't got no more life in 'em than a pair of old rubber-

"Bill Morgan came on down the hill, and as the mules went by us I had to notice that they certainly did look as if a sudden jar would startle life away from them. They had gone may be twenty feet, and had reached the spot where the very steepest part of the hill began, when the brake-chain separated, and

"What would the ideal American mule have done under these circumstances, to let the newspapers tell it? Simply kicked logs and bobs into little bits of slivers, right there and then, and then turned around and eaten every vestige of the wreck. The ideal mule couldn't have been extricated from that predicament in

“They ain’t got time to die, now,” said my

"But they didn't get to the bottom of the hill. When they reached the bend in the hill they kept straight on. Down the bank they went, down the sloping field, with the bobs and logs doing their best to keep up. When the mules struck the top of the forty-five-degree incline and went on over it, they were going so fast that if there hadn't been snow on

couldn't have seen 'em. Then the top of the first ledge was reached and mules, bobs and logs disappeared. My friend was just about to open his mouth and say: 'That settles it,' when the logs came in sight, going like streaks of lightning down the second slope toward the ledge above the creek. They had broken their fastenings and had shot over the mules, but the mules appeared right in

was like a shadow passing over the field to see those logs, mules and bobs fitting down the slope. The top of the second ledge was reached, and the whole cavalcade disappeared again. Nothing came in sight any more.

"That!" exclaimed my friend, with a sigh of relief. "Nothin' kin ever make me believe that them mules didn't die 'fore they got half to the bend in this hill, but they was pushed

"Bill didn't say, and just for curiosity I went down with him and my friend to see how badly those mules were wrecked. It was something of a job to get there, but we did. There wasn't much left of the bobs and the logs were a good deal splintered and jammed. But there, in the midst of the wreck and up to their knees in water, stood those two

panting a little, but as much alive as any mules that ever hee-hawed, and without a scratch on em. My friend stood simply agast. He could scarcely believe his eyes even after Bill had led the mules out of the creek on the other side and started to lead them across lots to the hill, the bottom of which they hadn't reached. Then my friend shouted out:

"Bill! I'll give ye \$300 for them mules!"

"T—t—t—"

know whether the mules changed hands, but I do know that never again can anything be said about the American mule that I won't swear to."

---

**THAT GREAT WOLF HUNT.**

**Two Thousand Men Participate in the Drive and Succeed in Killing One Poor Brute.**

TUSCIGA, Ill., January 23.—The wolf hunt

In Sargent township came on as advertised, and was attended by over two thousand people. It was a great success so far as sport went, but so far as exterminating the wolves was concerned it was a distinct failure. Fifteen wolves were beaten up, of which one was shot, another killed by a dog, and a third badly lamed by a charge of buckshot. The remaining twelve had a good run, but were unhurt. The cause of the failure was lack

of organization, which resulted in rhinoceroses the wolves out of the center before the lines were sufficiently formed. Five fine specimens of the gray kind got through the southeast corner before nine o'clock, and almost immediately afterward another broke through on the west, but was shot and killed by Jack Pearce, of Oakland, who was one of the captains, before it could get under cover. At about ten o'clock a fine he wolf, as large as

Arcola detachment. He showed a bold front and charged the south line, which was too well formed for him; he was beaten back with clubs, and two untrained grey hounds turned loose on him. He made straight for the east line, outrunning the dogs and getting away, owing to the bad formation of the line. Another was found directly after, in the same place, and was freely shot at. It got away on

The Tuscola detachment, of which your correspondent was a member, unearthed a large she wolf in a hollow oak lying on a 1,000 acre prairie inclosure, two miles east of Brushy Fork. An exciting chase ensued, and finally a fine hound belonging to J. L. Sweezy ran down the game and killed it before assistance could arrive. The honors

inial, a cross between a blood and greyhound. The wolf weighed about fifty pounds, but went down before the dog without even snapping at him. A. L. Synder, the postmaster at Arcola, purchased the carcass of Swezey for \$5, but the scalp, tail, ears and one foot were cut off by aggressive hunters. There were no disturbances, and the affair passed off with but one unpleasantness. A

Lewis was wantonly shot by one of the crowd, and if the Lewis boys can find out the culprit they intend to beat the life out of him with its carcass. Another grand wolf drive will be held on February 2, when it is expected there will be some fine sport.

**Meaning Lord and Lady Randy?**  
From the New York Town Topic.

...Learns that the rumor has been confirmed.

that the domestic troubles between a British party leader and his American wife have culminated and that she will shortly return to this city.

**English, You Know.**

From the Lowell Courier.

The Globe has an account of an "Aggregation of Sparrows." Such an aggregation can be seen at any time in any of our streets.





The following words, in praise of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, as a remedy for those delicate diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women, must be of interest to every sufferer from such ills. They are fair samples of the spontaneous expressions with which thousands give utterance to their sense of gratitude for the inestimable boon of health which has been restored to them by the use of this world-famed medicine.

**\$100  
THROWN AWAY.**

**DON'T  
DESPAIR.**

**3 PHYSICIANS  
FAILED.**

**THE GREATEST  
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**NOT A  
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AND  
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# THE CONSTITUTION.

Published Daily and Weekly.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA.  
THE DAILY CONSTITUTION IS PUBLISHED EVERY DAY IN THE WEEK, AND IS DELIVERED BY CARRIERS IN THE CITY, OR MAILED, POSTAGE PAID, AT \$1.00 PER MONTH, \$2.50 FOR THREE MONTHS, OR \$10.00 PER YEAR. THE CONSTITUTION IS FOR SALE AT ALL TRAINS LEADING OUT OF ATLANTA, AND AT NEWS STANDS IN THE PRINCIPAL SOUTHERN CITIES.

ADVERTISING RATES DEPEND ON LOCATION IN THE PAPER, AND WILL BE FURNISHED ON APPLICATION. CORRESPONDENCE CONTAINING IMPORTANT NEWS, ADDRESS ALL LETTERS OF PERSONS, AND MAKE ALL DRAFTS OR CHECKS PAYABLE TO THE CONSTITUTION.

General Eastern Agent,  
J. J. FLYNN,  
23 Park Row, New York City.

ATLANTA, GA., JANUARY 21, 1887.

INDICATIONS FOR Atlanta,  
taken at 1 o'clock a. m. FAIR

COLD  
Fair, slightly at 1 o'clock a. m. FAIR  
Florida, Alabama, Mississippi  
and Tennessee. Westerly winds, shifting to colder northerly winds; fair weather.

The route agents in the south appear to have had quite a spree lately.

What is the name of the civil service reformer who superintends the southern mails?

The Columbus Enquirer-Sun gives the cotton figures of that city up to Friday night at 1-1-139 bales.

English politicians are now suggesting Mr. Parnell as the conservative leader in the Irish parliament, which is sure to come in the near future.

Just what interpretation will be put on the fourth section of the interstate commerce bill remains to be seen. Mr. Cullon gave it off meaning and Mr. Crisp another.

While the accomplished postmaster general is wearing his spike-tail coat to receptions, the great south, from Washington to New Orleans, is suffering for the lack of fast mail facilities.

A hot-box in North Carolina prevents the Richmond and Danville railroad from waiting for the New York mail in Washington. No railroad with chronic hot-boxes ought to be expected to strain itself.

Mr. Cleveland says he has tried to make his administration non-sectional. Why, then, should his postmaster-general institute a fast mail for the benefit of a few northern visitors in Florida?

It is important to know that the cholera still rages in Buenos Ayres; that the death-rate is large, and that there is danger of its introduction into the United States next summer through the gulf ports, unless vigorous quarantine measures are taken.

GENERAL VON MOLKE, it seems, will have to fight his battle in Berlin as a civilian, and not as a soldier. The people are awaking to the fact that because a man rushes into war for glory, he should not monopolize the whole country forever after.

DR. McGLYNN claims that Archbishop Corrigan did not give all of his letters to the public. Probably the archbishop thought that the declaration that Dr. McGlynn would confiscate all lands without one penny of remuneration, was quite enough for one dose.

THE Planter's Journal has an article in favor of the return of the cotton tax to the people of the south. There is just this much to be said here: If the south was represented in congress by progressive men there would be no difficulty in securing a return of the tax to the people from whom it was unjustly taken.

THE administration's cousin, Ben Folsom, has started a baseball club at Sheffield, England. This shows that civil service reform is a pretty good thing, especially when it has foreign appliances. But for civil service reform, Cousin Ben would never have been appointed, and if Cousin Ben had never been appointed, Sheffield would never have known what baseball is.

SOME Tough Figures.  
The Baltimore Manufacturers' Record has been giving Brother Watterson a dose of figures that ought to satisfy him. As our readers know, Brother Watterson and his Courier-Journal have been trying to show that all the recent talk about the south's prosperity and the development of the material resources of this section is merely the result of several speculative booms in the coal and iron regions. Brother Watterson seeks to prove that there can be no real improvement and no genuine prosperity under the present tariff. Here is what he thinks of the "southern boom":

The cotton crop of 1873 was 1,746,000,000 pounds, and that of 1886 was 3,100,000,000 pounds. The crop of 1873 was worth, at the average New York price, over \$11,000,000, and that of 1886 was worth, at the average Liverpool price last year, \$179,480,000, while at the actual Liverpool price of 1873 it was worth \$248,724,000. Southern capital and labor got \$148,724,000 in gold for working 2,500,000 acres in cotton in 1873, and in 1886 they got \$208,000,000 for working 18,882,000 acres. They got \$100,000 less for their sweat and risk and rent in working twice as much land in 1886 as in 1873, and this is the southern boom!

The Manufacturers' Record shows that the grain farmers of the west and northwest have suffered as much as the cotton planters, so far as a reduction in the price of their products is concerned. But there is another side to the picture. Has there been a corresponding reduction in what the cotton planters and the grain farmers buy? Brother Watterson says not. To quote his words:

But are they getting their iron and steel any cheaper? their plows, axes, nails, drugs, clothing, etc.? Any man among them will answer. The tariff people would answer them in every tin trumpet—not if they know it!

It is at this point that the tables are turned on the great free-trader. The Record prints a table of prices of a few leading articles comparing the prices in January, 1873, with the prices in January, 1887. The figures of the table show a tremendous decline in the value of all lines of goods likely to be used by farmers. The list includes nearly everything in the general line of merchandise, from groceries and dry goods to steel rails. The decrease in everything will average a little over 50 per cent.

The Record makes a detailed examination of the figures of its table, and sets forth some very instructive facts. Candles have

declined from 15 cents per pound in 1873 to 8 1/2 cents. Canned peaches from \$2.80 to \$2.30 to \$1.60 to \$1.70. Canned oysters \$1.85 to \$2.15 to 70¢ to 75¢ cents, and canned corn \$2.00 to \$2.00 to \$1.00. In 1873 soda ash was \$8.00 to \$2.25, while today it is \$1.35 to \$1.45. Sal soda was \$2.75 to \$2.87; now it is \$1.00 to \$1.10. Bleaching powders \$4.00; now \$2.05 to \$2.10. The smallest decrease in the entire list was on coffee, an article that is free of duty. Ingot copper declined in value from 33 cents to 10¢ to 11¢. No. 1 anthracite pig iron from \$45 to \$20.00 to \$22.00, and Baltimore charcoal iron No. 1 from \$55.00 to \$60.00 to \$27.00 to \$28.00. And as pig iron prices rule the prices on general iron manufactures, the decline in all hardware and agricultural implements can be judged from these figures. Bar iron that sold in 1873 for \$115.00 to \$120.00 is now worth \$47.00 to \$51.00. Scotch pig iron quoted then at \$45.00 to \$48.00 is now \$19.00 to \$19.50, while steel rails which were selling at \$120.00 to \$122.00 are now \$35.00 to \$37.00, or an average decline of 85¢ to 90¢, or to make it more plain the same amount of money that would buy one ton of steel rails in 1873 will now buy nearly three and one-half tons.

Molasses now sells for 48¢ to 50¢ cents, which in 1873 cost 69¢; and the best syrup that was then 55¢ to 60¢ cents is now 35¢ to 40¢. Petroleum is now 6¢ cents per gallon; it was then 25¢ cents. Refined sugar has declined from 11¢ to 5¢ to 5 1/2¢; crushed sugar from 12¢ to 6 1/2¢ to 5¢ to 5 1/2¢; yellow 10¢ to 11¢ to 4 1/2¢ to 4 1/2¢; from \$2.00 to \$2.60 to \$1.30 to \$1.40; shingles \$10.50 to \$7.50 to \$8.00; pine boards for building \$15.00 to \$18.00 to \$8.00 to \$10.00. The best family flour is now \$5.75 and the cheapest \$2.50 to \$3.00, while in 1873 the quotations for the same grades were \$12 and \$5.00 to \$6.50 respectively. Wamsutta muslin was 22¢ cents per yard; it is now 11¢ cents. New York mills muslin was 25¢ cents; it is now 11¢ cents. Amoskag ticks then 21¢ to 36¢ cents; now 14¢ to 11¢. Denims 13¢ to 30¢ cents; now 7¢ to 12¢. American prints 12¢ to 13¢ cents; now 5¢ to 5 1/2¢. Merrimac prints 13¢; now 5¢ to 6¢. Cottonades 37¢ to 40¢; now 21¢ to 22¢. Cambrics 9¢ to 13¢; now 4 1/2¢ to 4 1/2¢. Linseys 20¢ to 36¢; now 10¢ to 22¢. Cassimeres 90¢ to \$2.75; now 25¢ cents to \$1.50; and flannels 36¢ to 70¢; now 20¢ to 22¢. The nails that cost \$5.50 to \$7.25 in 1873, are now \$2.30 to \$2.40. Starch is 5¢ cents; then it was 10¢ cents. Soap, \$2.85 per box; then \$6.00 to 9.00 for the same brand. The Record thus concludes:

Having examined the decline in what the farmer buys and found it to be 50 per cent, let us now see what has been the decline in the cotton, wheat and corn that he sells. To see whether he has lost or gained by the general lowering of values. Taking the cotton rubbers, we find that the 1,746,000,000 pounds produced in 1873 were worth \$11,000,000, while the 3,100,000,000 produced in 1886 were worth \$288,000,000, a decrease of \$1,000,000, the decrease in the value per pound being 48 per cent. So the southern farmer buys what he consumes at an average of 50 per cent lower than in 1873, while his cotton has decreased only 48 per cent in value, leaving him 11 per cent better off by the general decline.

The decline in wheat has been from \$1.15 to 67¢ cents per bushel, or 40 per cent, and in corn from 47¢ cents per bushel to 35¢ cents, or 25 per cent decrease.

All this is very interesting. It gives Brother Watterson something to think about—something to wrestle with. They are very tough figures, too. They are from the official market reports of Baltimore. There is one fact, however, that the Record failed to mention, and we give it to Brother Watterson now: The decline in wheat, bad as it is for the wheat growers, is a good thing for the cotton planters; the decline in cotton is not a bad thing for those who wear clothes.

THE President's Views.  
The statement of President Cleveland's views, printed in yesterday's CONSTITUTION, from the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, should be taken with several grains of salt. Still, if the report is an accurate one, there are a great many elements of hope in it. It shows, for one thing, that Mr. Cleveland has begun to put on his thinking cap, and it shows, for another, that he is arousing himself to the necessity of harmonizing the party so that its full strength may be utilized in the next national campaign. The south feels that, while Mr. Cleveland was elected as the president of the whole country, it is not by any means his duty to administer affairs in the interest of the republican party. He was elected by democrats as a democrat, and as this must be a government of parties, it is a duty he owes to his own convictions as well as to the whole country, to administer the government from a strictly democratic standpoint.

As to the civil service humbug, THE CONSTITUTION can say to him that no reasonable democrat holds him responsible for that law. The democratic party is responsible for it, and as long as it remains on the statute book its provisions must be carried out. The democrats of the south are not, as a general thing, standing around hunting for offices, but if they were, and failed to receive them, they would not on that account desire to destroy the democratic party. There can be no doubt, however, that some of the departments, under Mr. Cleveland's administration, call loudly for reform. There is the post office department, for instance. Such ridiculous management or mismanagement of the mails has not been seen in the country for many years. Complaint seems to do no good. The mail delivery appears to be out of gear in every part of the south, particularly in those regions covered by the daily and weekly editions of THE CONSTITUTION. Whether these irregularities are due to carelessness or inefficiency it is needless to inquire. It is enough to say that they exist and that they ought to be remedied.

With respect to the president's remarks about the internal revenue law it is only necessary to say that they are of a very astonishing character. They show that he has allowed himself to be befuddled and befuddled by the one-horse congressmen who, when they get to Washington, are not in a position to know the sentiments of their constituents. If there is any ignorance of this sort on the part of Georgia congressmen it is inexcusable, for the legislature of this state, representing the people, has more than once asked congress to repeal the infamous internal revenue laws which have been the origin of so much oppression and injustice. Mr. Cleveland, if he is quoted correctly, declares that dissatisfaction with the law is limited to only a few districts in some of the states. If the president permitted himself to have freer intercourse with the people, he would discover that the public sentiment of the south is practically unanimous in favor of the repeal of the whole system.

To this we may add a prediction that

we have already made in these columns—namely: That if these internal revenue laws are not repealed by the democratic party, the campaign of 1888 will result in a defeat of the party, and this defeat will be brought about by defections in Virginia, North Carolina and Tennessee.

Will the Dead Man Win?  
Vicksburg is gently stirred up over a peculiar case.

The other day John Henry, a negro, died in the city hospital, and it was stated in the papers that he had invented a combined cotton chopper, scraper and cultivator. This caused Miss Alverson, one of the most prominent young ladies in the city, to visit the hospital to view the body of the dead man. When she had examined Henry's features she asked: "Is that the man who claims to have invented the cotton chopper and scraper?" "He stole a model from me some years ago while working in my father's blacksmith shop," she then demanded the model, but was informed that it had been sent to Washington and application had been made for a patent. Miss Alverson gave notice that she would enter a protest at the patent office and claim the original invention.

Now, it is of course possible that the negro got his idea from Miss Alverson, and he may have stolen a model from her, but the physicians at the hospital say that the model sent to Washington was made in the hospital by the head nurse under the directions of the patient.

Perhaps upon a fuller statement of the facts there will be less difficulty in deciding the case. At present, however, it is a puzzle. It is strange that the negro should have thought out an invention of such utility, but it is equally as strange that a young lady should be its originator. When it comes to testimony, Miss Alverson is living and has influential friends; John Henry is dead, and no one is specially interested in looking after his side of the case. The patent office will have to strain its judgment a little to straighten out the matter.

THE Reign of the Unintelligible.  
The Boston Advertiser calls attention to the fact that the vagueness of our modern poetry is incapable of being crystallized into a positive meaning. The indictment should be extended to scientific treatises and to much of our general literature. Writers would do well to bear in mind what Falstaff said to Ancient Pistol: "If thou hast any tidings, prithee deliver them like a man of this world."

The civil complaint of a rule characterizes the writings of the followers of a certain school of alleged culture which in its last analysis is nothing but a glossy nambypamby without a particle of vigor in it. Our metaphysicians, poets, scientists and others have found that their barren and shivering wastes of words fill space and pass for literature. Hence they do not try to make themselves intelligible. Indeed, why should they try when the average reader merely glances over books and newspapers as a pastime, without seriously considering anything, and without the slightest effort to remember anything?

Still, while unintelligibility is the fashion of the hour, it has not made itself potential. From its very nature it cannot create or stimulate thought. The young writer who is just beginning to make his way will do well to fight shy of the culture whose chief output is a meaningless jargon. So far as style is concerned, his case is hopeless if he cannot get culture enough out of the Bible and Shakespeare. No man of ideas can saturate himself with those two books and fail to write in a style that will "go home to the business and bosoms of men." It may lack a few fashionable flourishes, but it will be pithy, pointed, and, better than all, intelligible.

BROTHER WATTESSON appears to be afraid that the states are about to be subverted. This is an old gag. If Brother Watterson will keep himself as intact (so to speak) as the states he will live to a ripe old age.

JAMES M. PATRICK, of Colorado, is looking for his last child. Mr. Patrick was married to Miss McKinnon, daughter of a St. Louis millionaire. They traveled in Europe, and on their return to America lived in Bradley county, Tennessee. One child was born to them—a little girl now four years old. The wife's health failed, and her husband carried her to Colorado. The wife and child were left for a time in Canon City, and from there were spirited away. The husband began a search, and discovered that they had been taken to the McKinnon mansion in St. Louis. There the wife died in October last, and here is the strange part of the story. The mother left a will disinheriting her little daughter, who otherwise would have been heir to a million dollars. The child cannot be found, but the father is still on the hunt for the little one and will sue for his share in the estate. The mother, on her death bed, was induced to believe that Patrick had deserted her, but that it seems is a very poor reason for disinheriting her own child.

A WASHINGTON correspondent says that Mr. Grady exaggerated the Charleston earthquake, but, according to handsome Editor Dawson, he belittled it. This is all very funny.

HON. JOHN L. SULLIVAN is nursing a broken arm gotten in his Minneapolis fight. The doctors say that John L. will come out all right, and that he will be able to fight with his old-time power. Sullivan's wife doesn't believe his arm is broken. She thinks it is a dodge worked by the big pugilist to save himself from a sound thrashing. Here is an extract from one of her letters:

"I see by the New York Herald that Sullivan says he has a broken arm and cannot fight. It is all a lie. I know his old dodges, and this is one of them. Patsey Cardiff was too much for him, and he invented the lame arm idea to save himself from a big whipping. I remember one time when he met Mitchell and told me that the Englishman would have done him up in one round. That is John L. Sullivan all over. He jumps at a man at the start and usually finishes him in the first or second round, or makes him unable to fight. If he fails to use his cunning up at the end of three rounds Sullivan grows scared, loses his grit and cries baby, the way he did in Minneapolis. I tell you that Patsey Cardiff can whip John L. and am glad of it. He is a big brute and a coward."

John L. and Mrs. John L. don't get along nowadays.

THE Boston Herald is seeking a controversy with Mr. Swank. If Mr. Swank's name is worth anything, he will turn upon the Herald and read it.

"WELL, I don't let anybody call me a d-d fool." That is the excuse given by William Dille, of St. Louis, for the murder of his wife day before yesterday. The pair had lived together for fourteen years, and the lot of the wife was very unhappy, for she was cruel and kicked, and beaten almost every day. The

murder was deliberate. Just before twelve o'clock Dille went to his home, and giving his children a dollar, told them to go out and buy something—anything they wanted. The weather was cold, and they did not want to go. So Dille shoved them out the door, and told them not to return for two hours. The mother arose from a broken chair and started to follow them. "No, you stay," said the husband, and the woman remained. At 2 o'clock the oldest girl, with her eighteen-month-old sister in her arms, timidly ventured into the yard again, and reaching the porch, opened the door and looked in. Her father was on his knees on the kitchen floor. The floor was covered with blood; his bloody hand grasped a bloody rag, with which he was wiping up the floor. Starting from the pool at which he was working, there was a stream of blood along the floor into the bedroom, and up to the bed in the north-west corner. On the bed lay the naked body of the murdered wife. When the alarm had been given, and the officers came, Dille tried to cut his own throat, and when he had been taken away and the crowds pressed in, they found a pool of blood which had gushed from the murderer's throat, and a gray cat and a white one were meowing angrily and spitting at each other as they lapped it up, and refused to leave the horrible feast until they were knocked away, when they crept stealthily back and a stray mongrel cur stood in the door and howled wretchedly. The only excuse Dille gives for the murder is the one which begins this paragraph. He had been a great drinker but was sober when the crime was committed.

DON WILSON, of the Wilson-Moore mystery, is in jail. It is charged that he has ruined many young girls, and his arrest is a great success. The Wilson-Moore mystery, of Uxbridge, Mass. Wilson is entirely "strapped." When arrested he had only fifteen cents in his pockets, the last of the hundreds of thousands wrung from old man Moore. Nearly all his friends have deserted him.

THE Richmond Dispatch says the impression given by the resignation of Secretary Manning is that the treasury portfolio is a great deal better now than at any time since he became seriously ill; that he finds that careful regulation of his work makes occupation favorable to improvement; that he is interested in what he is doing, and that he could not find more congenial employment if he should leave the treasury. It is a little curious that at the same time that Mr. Manning is spoken of for the treasury, he is also suggested as a candidate for Attorney General. The attorney general is in good health, he too, finds his office agreeable, and is not harassed by criticism, for he reads no newspapers, and is determined to stay his term. The administration does not propose to make any change in the most conspicuous quality is an incurable dislike of society with dress coats. Mr. Manning is too much of a social creature to conform to social usages as it would have been for President Arthur to turn Mr. Manning because he chose to wear lace cuffs and to brush his white beaver but the wrong way.

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## CAPITAL CORRESPONDENCE.

What the Washington Newspapers are Talking About.

Washington Correspondence Buffalo Express: Senators' wives are triumphant in the war for precedence with the wives of the cabinet ministers. Mrs. Manning was the first to concede the point, and was out making her first call yesterday. It was an uneven fight at first, for it must be remembered there are seventy-five senators and only seven cabinet officers. There has been some friction between the wives of the members of the cabinet and of the senators on other points. Some of the wives of the members of the cabinet have tried the experiment of calling by card. In each case it is said they have had their calls returned by card. This plan of annual calling was adopted by the senators a number of years ago. Each senator sends his individual card to all of his associates every year, and in return receives seventy-five cards of his associates. This is taken as representing the call which senatorial etiquette requires to be made once a year.

Chicago Tribune: The secretary of state has received a dispatch from Frederick Raine, United States consul general at Berlin, setting forth the annoyances to which United States citizens visiting Europe, and especially Germany, subject themselves by neglecting to secure passports before leaving their homes. The consul general at Hamburg, Leipzig, and other cities of the German empire, are subjected to a so-called small state of siege, and every stranger or foreigner visiting these places is required to identify himself by producing a passport. Ladies are not excepted. Immediately after the arrival of a stranger, the police authorities demand the production of a passport, and if it is not produced, the stranger is detained until a passport can be procured. At the nearest United States legation or consulate, if not a passport, the stranger is detained until a passport can be procured. The consul general at Hamburg, Leipzig, and other cities of the German empire, are subjected to a so-called small state of siege, and every stranger or foreigner visiting these places is required to identify himself by producing a passport. Ladies are not excepted. Immediately after the arrival of a stranger, the police authorities demand the production of a passport, and if it is not produced, the stranger is detained until a passport can be procured. At the nearest United States legation or consulate, if not a passport, the stranger is detained until a passport can be procured.

New York Times: Political gossip who will insist in spite of all details that Secretary Manning intends to resign the treasury portfolio, are declaring tonight that he will leave his office before the end of the month. From the same source the story is gathered that ex-Governor Hoadly, of Ohio, is to be his successor. The difficulty just in the way of this report is that Mr. Manning thinks his health is a great deal better now than at any time since he became seriously ill; that he finds that careful regulation of his work makes occupation favorable to improvement; that he is interested in what he is doing, and that he could not find more congenial employment if he should leave the treasury. It is a little curious that at the same time that Mr. Manning is spoken of for the treasury, he is also suggested as a candidate for Attorney General. The attorney general is in good health, he too, finds his office agreeable, and is not harassed by criticism, for he reads no newspapers, and is determined to stay his term. The administration does not propose to make any change in the most conspicuous quality is an incurable dislike of society with dress coats. Mr. Manning is too much of a social creature to conform to social usages as it would have been for President Arthur to turn Mr. Manning because he chose to wear lace cuffs and to brush his white beaver but the wrong way.

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## THE CONSTITUTION.

EVENTS FOR TODAY.

MEETINGS—

CAPITAL CITY LODGE NO. 23, KNIGHTS OF

PYTHIAS AT 7 P. M.

THROUGH THE CITY.

Detailed Paragraphs Caught on the Fly by

the Constitution Reporters.

CORONER'S INQUIRY.—Coroner Hayes held

an inquest yesterday at police headquarters over

the body of the negro man who dropped dead

yesterday night on Truitt street. The

negro was George Walker, and the evidence

showed that his death was due to heart disease.

A BROKEN ARM.—Fort Kiser, a negro boy,

fell from a street back yesterday and broke his

left arm between the wrist and elbow. The

boy was attempting to get out of the back

while it was moving along Whitehall street,

and fell. His arm caught in the wheel, causing

the fracture.

THE SALVATION ARMY.—The Salvation

Army gave an exhibition yesterday afternoon

at the county courthouse to about one hundred

persons. The army planted itself on the

entrance to the west side of the building and

went through the usual programme. The

exercises were interrupted by the rain and after

the crowd had scattered, the army marched up

the stairs to Whitehall and then to their hall on

Broad street singing as they went. At the

hall services were held during the afternoon

and again at night.

THE JONES JURY.

The Jones jury had not yet reached a

verdict at midnight last, or if a verdict had

been reached, no one knew it.

The jury is yet at the Metropolitan hotel.

Early yesterday morning, Mr. Keith, prop-

rietor of the hotel, passed a half dozen razors

and as many shaving naps, into the jury room,

and when the body entered the breakfast hall,

clean faces to his mind, a higher hall

was not occupied by any one

else at the time the jury was

in. Soon after breakfast the two bailiffs, who

had had charge of the jury, Messrs. Bryant

and England, took the members out for a lit-

tle fresh air. They went out Pryor to Wheat

and then to the Boulevard and after a foot

race or two, returned to the hotel where they

smoked and chatted the morning away. After

they returned to the two rooms which

they have occupied since the case started and

with closed doors passed the day. Last night

a CONSTITUTION reporter called at the hotel to

ask the body was getting on. In the hall

way beside the two doors the two bailiffs

were sitting keeping close watch.

"Well, how's the jury getting on?" asked

the reporter.

"Oh, well enough," answered Bailiff Bryant.

"Have they come to an understanding yet?"

"I really don't know," said Mr. Bryant.

"Haven't you been with them all day?"

"Oh, yes."

"And have you not talked with them?"

"Not upon this case."

"And no one can pass a word with them?"

"Nixie."

"And I couldn't send in a note?"

"No note."

"Well, I'd like to make each of them a present

of a hundred dollar bill. Can't I send it in?"

"No, thank you, they don't need it now."

"Well, suppose I send in a cigar then?"

"They don't smoke."

"Then maybe they'd like to have a little

supper. I have a pink in my pocket."

"They don't eat."

"Then go in and ask one of them to send me

a chew of tobacco, please."

"They all chew gum."

"Why don't you take them up to the Salva-

tion Army. I'll go ahead and introduce

them."

"They have already enlisted under another

banner for the campaign."

"Well, have they come to any conclu-

sion?"

"I don't know I have told you. No one is

allowed to say anything to them about this

case and as long as I am in charge no one

shall."

The jury was in bed asleep at midnight and

nothing can be made known before court con-

venes.

Jones passed the day quietly in the jail. He

is apparently anxious to know his fate, but

keeps up well in his trying position.

SUNDAY SINS.

A Porter Arrested—A Store Burglarized—

Westly James Drunk.

Lin Elligan, a negro man who has been work-

ing in the wholesale house of J. &amp; J. P. Kiser

for ten years, was arrested by Detectives

Bedford and Aldridge yesterday and given a

charge in the city prison.

Elligan is charged with larceny. One of the

prisoner's clerks while working for the firm

was to unlock the store doors in the early

morning and sweep out. The papers and

trash picked up from the store was placed in a

box and carried away over the by Elligan.

On Saturday some coal was found in the box

under the papers and trash and this aroused

the suspicion of the firm. Nothing, however,

was said to Elligan and Detectives Bedford and

Aldridge were instructed to look into the

matter. During the day they visited Elligan's

home on Ellis street and made an investiga-

tion. The discoveries made induced them to

search the negro. After he was locked up, the

detectives discovered that he had carried sev-

eral bolts of goods away from the store in the

box under the trash. It is not known how

long Elligan has been stealing from them. He

had always been considered honest, and

had every chance to steal.

A STORE BURGLARIZED.

A telephone message was received at police

headquarters last night from H. J. Hester,

store on McDaniel street, saying that the place

had been burglarized. The amount of the

loss could not be ascertained.

BOWMAN &amp; NEWMAN.

Wm. Crawford, a young negro, was ar-

rested yesterday. Early in the morning Crawford

met a small newsboy on West Hunter

street, and robbed him of ninety-five cents and

a paper.

SOME MORE CLOTHES.

William Giesseley, a negro boy who is sup-

posed to have a hand in stealing some clothes a

few days ago, was arrested yesterday by Of-

ficers Clark and McWilliams. A suit of the

stolen clothes was recovered.

A BURGLAR ON DECATUR STREET.

George Hains and West Hendrix, two negro

boys, were arrested on Decatur street Satur-

day night, and were arrested last night by

Patrolmen Lynch and Mercer.

WESTLY JAMES DRUNK.

Westly James, the hackman, was found

drunk and disorderly near the union passen-

ger depot last night, and arrested. He had a

bottle of alcohol in his pocket.

A Writer Informs the Public

That the secret of good health is to keep the

skin in good working condition.

That to keep the skin in good working con-

dition the pores must be kept open.

That a porous plaster is a plaster that opens

the pores of the skin.

That the only plaster for opening the pores

of the skin is Alcock's Porens Plaster.

That Alcock's Porens Plaster assists the

body to throw off its burdensome ailments

through the skin—the natural process of re-

lief.

That every other so called porous plaster is

an inferior article which cannot be compared

with Alcock's.

That Alcock's have stood the test for twenty-

five years and have proved the best exter-

nal remedy extant.

Go to G. J. Bryant, Rome, Ga., for best whis-

key by the keg, keg or barrel. Also Cincinnati

key by the keg and bottles.

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